

The Tragedie

Enter the Queene.

*Qu.* Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe,  
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?  
Ile ioyne with blacke despaire against my selfe,  
And to my selfe become an enemy.

*Dut.* What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

*Qu.* To make an act of tragicke violence,  
*Edward*, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead.  
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd  
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?  
If you will liue, lament: if die be brieft:  
That our swift winged soules may catch the Kings,  
Or like obedient subiects, follow him  
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

*Dut.* Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,  
As I had title in my noble husband:  
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,  
And liu'd by looking on his image:  
But now two mirrours of his Princely semblance,  
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death,  
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,  
Which greues me when I see my shame in him,  
Thou art a widow yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:  
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,  
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,  
*Edward*, and *Clarence*, O what cause haue I  
Then, being but moiety of my selfe,  
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

*Boy.* Good aunt, you weep not for my fathers death,  
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

*Gerl.* Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmooand,  
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept,

*Qu.* Giue me no helpe in lamentation,  
I am not barren to bring forth laments,  
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
That I being gouern'd by the watry moone,  
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:  
Oh my husband for my heire Lord *Edward*,

Of Richard the T

*Ambo.* Oh for our father for our de

*Dut.* Alas for both, both mine *Edwa*

*Qu.* What stay had I but *Edward*, and

*Ambo.* What stay had we but *Claren*

*Dut.* What stay had I but they and th

*Qu.* Was euer widow, had so deare a

*Ambo.* Was euer Orphanes had so dee

*Dut.* Was euer mother had a dearer l

Alas I am the mother of these moanes

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are gener

She for *Edward* weepes, and so do I:

I for a *Clarence* weepe, so doth not she

These babes for *Clarence* weepe and so

I for an *Edward* weepe, and so doe they

Alas, you three on me three-fold distr

Powre all your teares, I am your sorro

And I will pamper it with lamentations

*Glo.* Maddam haue comfort, all of vs h

To waile the dimming of our shining sta

But none can cure their hartes by wail

Maddam my mother I doe cry you mer

I did not see your Grace, humbly on my

I craue your blessing.

*Dut.* God blesse thee, and put meeke

Loue, charity, obedience, and true duty

*Glo.* Amen, make me to die a good ol

Thats the butt end of my mothers bles

I maruaile why her grace did leaue it ou

*Buc.* You cloudy Princes, and heart so

That beare this mutuall heauy load of n

Now cheare each others in each others

Though we haue spent our hartest for

We are to reape the haruest of his sonne

The broken rancour of your high swoln

But lastly splinted, knit, and ioyn'd togeth

Must greatly be preferu'd, cherisht, and

Me seemeth good that with some litte

Forthwith from Ludlow the young Pri

Hither to London to be crown'd our Kin

*Ambo.*

E 2